

The SINGER

by MARTHA BELLINGER

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SYNOPSIS.

Agatha Redmond, opera singer, starting for an auto drive in New York, finds a stranger sent as her chauffeur. Leaving the car, she goes into the park to rest, the will of an old friend of her mother, who has left her property. There she is accosted by a stranger, who follows her to the auto, climbs in and threatens her. James Hamilton of Lynn, Mass., witnesses the abduction of Agatha Redmond. Hamilton sees Agatha forcibly taken aboard a yacht. He secures a tug and when near the yacht drops anchor. Aleck Van Camp, friend of Hamilton, had an appointment with him. Not meeting Hamilton, he makes a call upon friends, Madame and Miss Melanie Reynier. He proposes to the latter and is refused. The three arrange a coast trip on Van Camp's yacht, the Sea Gull. Hamilton wakes up on board the Jeanne D'Arc, the yacht on which is Agatha Redmond. His clothes and money belt have been taken from him. He meets a man who introduces himself as Monsieur Chamberlain, who is Agatha's abductor. Her fight, but is interrupted by the sinking of the vessel. Jimmy and Agatha, who both abandoned by the crew, who are taken to the boat. Jimmy and Agatha, who both abandoned by the crew, who are taken to the boat. Jimmy and Agatha, who both abandoned by the crew, who are taken to the boat.

for a space. Here and there were headlands formed by mighty boulders, against which the waves endlessly dashed and as endlessly foamed back into the sea.

Such a headland loomed up on their starboard one evening when the sun was low; and as the plumes of spray from the incoming waves rose high in the air a rainbow formed itself in the fleeting mist. It was a fairy picture, repeating itself two or three times, no more.

"That's my symbol of hope," said Aleck quite impulsively, to anybody who chose to hear.

Mr. Chamberlain turned to Aleck with his ready courtesy. "Not the only one you have received, I hope, on this charming voyage."

Madame Reynier was ready with her pleasant word. "Aren't we all symbols for you—not of hope, then of your success as a host? We've lost our aches and our pains, our nerves and our troubles; all gone overboard from the Sea Gull."

"You're all tremendously good to me, I know that," said Aleck, his slow words coming with great sincerity.

Melanie kept silence, but she remembered the rainbow.

The headland was the landward end of a small island, one part of which was thickly wooded. A large unused house stood in a clearing, evidently once a rather pretentious summer residence, though now there were many signs of dilapidation. The pier on the beach had been almost entirely beaten down by storms, and a small, flimsy slip had taken its place, running far down into the water. A thin line of smoke rose from the chimney of one of the outbuildings; and while they looked and listened the raucous cry of a peacock came to them over the still water. Presently Chamberlain suggested:

"I feel it in my bones that there'll be lobsters over there to be had for the asking. I heard your man say he wanted lobsters, Van; and I believe I'll row over there and see. I'm feeling uncommonly fit and need some exercise."

"All right, I'll go too," said Aleck.

"I'll bet a bouquet that I beat you rowing over—Miss Reynier to furnish the bouquet!" was Chamberlain's next proposition. "Do you agree to that, my lady?"

"And pray, where should I get a bouquet?"

"Oh, the next time we get on land. And we won't put up with any old bouquet of juniper bushes and rocks, either. We want a good, old-fashioned round bouquet of garden posies, with mignonette round the edge and a rose in the middle; a sure-enough token of esteem—that kind of thing, you know. Is it a bargain, Miss Reynier?"

"Very well, it is a bargain," agreed Melanie; "but I shall choose bachelors' buttons!"

So they took the tender and got off, with a great show of exactness as to time and strictness of rules. Madame Reynier was to hold the watch, and Aleck was to wave a white handkerchief the minute they touched sand. Mr. Chamberlain was to give a like signal when they started back. The yacht slowed down and held her place as nearly as possible.

Chamberlain pulled a great oar, and, in fact, far superior to Aleck in point of skill; but his stroke was not well adapted to the choppy waves inshore. He had learned it on the sleepy Cam, where the long, gliding blade counts best. The men stayed ashore a long time, disappearing entirely beyond the clump of trees that screened the outbuildings. When they reappeared, an old man was with them, following them down to the boat. Then the white handkerchief appeared, and the boat started on its return.

Aleck profited by Chamberlain's work, and made the boat leap forward by a shorter, almost jerky stroke. He came back easily with five minutes to spare.

"Good work!" said Mr. Chamberlain. "You have me beaten, and you'll get the bachelors' buttons; but you had the tide with you."

"Nonsense! I had the lobsters extra!" asserted Aleck.

"Well, if you had been born an Englishman, we'd make an oarsman out of you yet!"

"Hu!" said Aleck.

But they had news to tell the ladies, and while they were having their dinner their thoughts were turned to

another matter. The man who appeared, had for some years been abandoned by its owner, and its only inhabitant was a gray and grizzly old man, known to the region as the hermit. His fancy was to keep a light burning always by night in the landward window of his cabin, so as to warn sailors off the dangerous headland. There was no lighthouse in the vicinity, and by a kindly consent the people on the neighboring islands and on the mainland opposite encouraged his benevolent delusion, if delusion it might be called. They contrived to send him provisions at least once a week; and they had supplied him with a flag which, it was understood, he would fly in case he was in actual need. So, alone with his cow and his fowls, the old hermit spent his days, winter and summer, tending his lamp when the dark came on.

Aleck and Mr. Chamberlain had picked up some of this information at the last port which the Sea Gull made; but what was of new and real interest to them was the story which the old man told them of a castaway on the island a few days before.

"All hands had abandoned the yacht just before she went down, it appears. The owner was robbed by his own men and marooned on the hermit's island—that's the gist of it," said Aleck.

"The hermit said the man wouldn't eat off his table," went on Mr. Chamberlain; "but asked him for raw eggs and ate them outdoors. Said that except when he asked for eggs he never spoke without cursing. At least, the hermit couldn't understand what he said, so he thought it was cursing. And while the old man was talking, added Chamberlain resentfully, 'that blooming peacock squawked like a demon.'"

"The yacht that went down, according to the man, was the Jeanne D'Arc," said Aleck, who had been grave enough about their light-hearted talk. "I didn't tell you, Chamberlain, that my cousin, my old chum, went off quite unexpectedly on a boat called the Jeanne D'Arc. Where he went or what for, I don't know. Of course, it may have been another Jeanne D'Arc; it probably was. But it troubles me."

Melanie was instantly aroused.

"Oh, I had an uncanny feeling when you first mentioned the Jeanne D'Arc!" she cried. "But could you not find out more? What became of the man that was marooned?"

"He got off the island a day or two ago," said Aleck. "The people that brought provisions to the old man took him to the mainland, to Charleston."

"The beggar left without so much as thanking the old man for his eggs," added Chamberlain.

"We'll put into Charleston tonight, if you don't mind," said Aleck. "If I can find the man that was marooned, I may be able to learn something about him, if he really was on the yacht. You can all go ashore, if you like. There's a big summer hotel near by, and it's a lovely country."

"We'll stay wherever it's most convenient for you to have us," said Melanie, looking at Aleck, for once, with more than a friendly interest in her eyes.

"And perhaps I can help you, Van; two heads, you know," said Chamberlain.

The village still rang, if so said a community could be said to ring, with reports of the event of the week before. Doctor Thayer had been sphinx-like, and Little Simon had been imaginative and voluble; and it would have been difficult to say which had teased the popular curiosity the more. Aleck found a tale ready for his ears about the launch and its three passengers, with many conflicting details. Some said that a great slinger had been wrecked off Ram's Head, others that it was the captain and mate of the Jeanne D'Arc, others that it was a daughter of old Parson Thayer's sweet-heart and two sailors that came ashore. Little or nothing was known about the island castaway. Aleck followed the only clue he could find, thinking to get at least some inkling of the truth.

CHAPTER XIII.

Aleck Sees a Ghost.

Little Simon drove leisurely up the long, rugged hill over which Agatha and James had so recently traveled, and drew rein in the shade at a distance of a long city block from his destination. He pointed with his whip while he addressed Aleck, his sole passenger.

"Yonder's the old red house, mister. The parson, he hated to have his trees gnawed, and Major here's a great horse for gnawing the bark off trees. So I never go no nearer the house than this."

"All right, Simon; you wait for me here."

Aleck walked slowly along the country road, enjoying the fragrant fields, the quiet beauty of the place. It was still early in the day, for he had lost no time in following the clues gathered from the village as to the survivors of the Jeanne D'Arc. The air was fresh and clean, with a tang of the distant salt marshes.

to the required dimensions, is heated in a gas furnace until the iron can just be handled without distortion through softening.

It is then plunged in a chemical bath, which removes superfluous materials and leaves the iron clean. Finally, it is magnetized by means of electric coils.

In strength of field, cast-iron magnets are from ten to fifteen per cent. inferior to those of steel, but they are equal in magnetic permanence, and cost, for intricate patterns, only one-half as much as steel magnets.

Sweet Perquisite.

Candy is a perquisite of theater ushers seldom taken into account. After a Saturday matinee the enterprising usher can secure enough bonbons and chocolates to last a week. The more absorbing the play the larger the supply. At an interesting climax the excited matinee girl forgets her candy box and lets it slide to the floor with several pieces sticking to the corners. Immediately after the performance all enterprising ushers search the house for discarded sweets.

A long row of hemlocks and Norway spruce bordered the road, and, with the aid of a stone wall, shut off from the highway a prosperous-looking vegetable garden. Farther along a flower garden glowed in the fantastic coloring which gardens acquire when planted for the love of flowers rather than for definite artistic effects. Farther still, two lilac bushes stood sentinel on either side of a gateway; and behind, a deep green lawn lay under the light, dappled shade of tall trees. It was a lawn that spoke of many years of care; and in the middle of its velvet green, under the branches of two sheltering elms, stood the old red house. It looked comfortable and secure, in its homely simplicity; something to depend on in the otherwise mutable scenes of life. Aleck felt an instantaneous liking for it, and was glad that his errand, sad as it might possibly be, had yet led him thither.

Long French windows in the lower part of the house opened upon the piazza, and from the second story ruffled white curtains fluttered to the breeze. As the shield-shaped knocker clanged duly to Aleck's stroke, a large, melancholy hound came slowly round the corner of the house, approached the visitor with tentative wags of the tail, and after sniffing mildly, lay down on the cool grass.

It wasn't a house to be hurried, that plain. After a wait of five or ten minutes Aleck was about to knock again, when a face appeared at one of the side-light windows. Presently the door itself opened a few inches, and an elderly spinsterhood, wrapped in severe inquiry, looked out at him.

"Can I see the lady, or either of the gentlemen, who recently arrived here from the yacht, the Jeanne D'Arc?"

Aleck's voice and manner were friendly enough to disarm suspicion itself. Sallie Kingsbury looked at him for a full second.

"Come in."

Aleck followed her into the wide, dim hall, and waited while she pulled down the shade of the sidelight which she had lifted for observation. Then she opened a door on the right and said:

"Set down in the parlor while I go and take my salt sash away from the stove. I ain't had time to call my soul my own since the folks came, what with callers at all times of the day."

Sallie's voice was not as inhospitable as her words. She was mildly hurt and grieved, rather than offended. She disappeared and presently came back with a white apron on in place of the colored gingham she had worn before; but it is doubtful if Aleck noticed this tribute to his sex. Sallie looked withered and pinched, but more by nature and disposition than by age. She stood with arms akimbo near the center-table, regarding Aleck with inquisitiveness not unminged with liking.

"You can set down, sir," she said politely, "but I don't know as you can see any of the folks. The man, he's upstairs sick, clean out of his head; the young man, he's nursing him. Can't leave him alone a minute, or he'd be up and getting out the window, I tell you."

Aleck looked sympathetically. "A sad case! And what is the name, if I may ask, of the young man who is so ill?"

"Lor, I don't know," said Sallie. "The new mistress, her name's Redmond; some kin of Parson Thayer's, and she's got this house and a lot of money. The lawyer was here yesterday and got the will all fixed. She's a slogger, too—one of those opery singers down below, she is."

Sallie made this announcement as if she was relating a bewildering fable of Providence for which she herself was not responsible. Aleck, who began to fear that he might be the recipient of more confidences than decorum dictated, hastily proffered his next question.

"Can I see the lady, Miss Redmond? Or is it Mr. Redmond?"

Sallie gave a scornful, injured sniff. "Miss Redmond, sir, though she's old enough to be a Mrs. I wouldn't so much mind her coming in here and using the parson's china that I always washed with my own hands if she was a Mrs. But what can she, an unmarried woman and an opery singer, know about Parson Thayer's ways and keeping this house in order, when I've been with him going on seventeen years and he took me out the Home when I was no more than a child?"

Aleck's heart would have been stone had he realized this all but passionate plea.

"You have been faithful to yourself, I am sure. But do you think Miss Redmond would see me, at least for a few minutes?"

Sallie recovered her dignity, which had been near a collapse in tears, and assumed her official tone. "I don't know as you can, and I don't know as you can. She's sick, too; offer over one of those pesky boats, and get neuralgia and I don't know what all. But I'll go and see how she's feeling."

"Stay, wait a minute," said Aleck, seized with a new thought. "I'll write a message to Miss Redmond and then she'll know just what I want. If you'll be so good as to take it to her?"

"Why, certainly, of course I will," said Sallie Kingsbury. "Only you needn't take all that trouble. I can tell her what you want myself." Sallie was one of those persons who regard the pen as the weapon of last resort, not to be used until necessity compels. But Aleck continued writing on a blank leaf of his note-book. The message was this:

"Can you give me any information concerning my cousin, James Hamilton, who was thought to be aboard the Jeanne D'Arc?"

He tore the leaf out, extracted a card from his pocketbook, and handed leaf and card to Sallie. "Will you please give these to Miss Redmond?"

Sallie wiped her hands, which were perfectly clean, on her white apron, took the card and bit of paper and departed, sniffing audibly. When she returned, it was to say, with a slightly more interested air, that Miss Redmond wished to see him upstairs.

She stood at the bottom of the wide stairway and pointed to a corner of the upper floor. "She's in there—room on the right!" and so she stalked off to the kitchen.

Aleck Van Camp sought the region indicated by Sallie's giant finger with some misgivings; but he was presently guided further by a clear voice.

"Come in this way, Mr. Van Camp, if you please!"

The voice led him to an open door, before which he stood, looking into a large, old-fashioned bedroom, from whose windows the white curtains fluttered in the breeze. Miss Redmond was propped up with pillows on a horsehair-covered lounge, which stood along the foot of a monstrous bed. She was clothed in some sort of wool wrapper, and over her feet was thrown a faded traveling rug. By her side stood a chair on which were writing materials, Aleck's note and card, and a half-written letter. Agatha sat up as she greeted Aleck.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Van Camp. Will you come in? I ask your pardon for not coming downstairs to see you, but I have been ill, and am not strong yet."

She was about to motion Aleck to a chair, but stopped in the midst of her speech, arrested by his expression. Aleck stood rooted to the door-sill, with a look of surprise on his face which amounted to actual amazement. Thus apparently startled out of himself, he regarded Agatha earnestly.

"Will you come in?" Agatha repeated at last.

"Pardon me," he said finally in his precise drawl, "but I confess to being startled. You—your face has such an extraordinary resemblance to some one I know, that I thought it must really be she, for a moment."

Agatha smiled faintly. "You looked as if you had seen a ghost."

Aleck gazed at her again, a long, scrutinizing look. "It does make one feel queer, you know."

"But now that you are assured that I'm not a ghost, will you sit down? That chair by the window, please. And I can't tell you how glad I am to see you; for James Hamilton, your cousin, if he is your cousin, is here in this house, and he is ill—very ill indeed."

Aleck's nonchalance had already disappeared, in the series of surprises; but at Agatha's words a flush of pleasure and relief overspread his face. He strode quickly over toward Agatha's couch.

"Oh, I say—old Jim—I thought, I was afraid—"

Agatha was touched by the evidences of his emotion, and her voice became very gentle. "I fancy it is the same—James Hamilton of Lynn?"

Aleck nodded and she went on: "That's what he told me, the night we were wrecked."

Agatha looked at Aleck, as if she would discover whether he were trustworthy or not, before giving him more of her story. Presently she continued:

"He's a very brave, a very wonderful man. He jumped overboard to save me, after I fell from the ladder; and then he left us and we swam ashore. But long before we got there I fainted, and he brought me in, all the way, though he was nearly dead of exhaustion himself. He had hemorrhage from overexertion, and afterward a chill. And now there is fever."

Agatha's voice was trembling. Aleck watched her as she told her tale, the flush of happiness and joy still lighting up his face. As she finished relating the meager facts which to her denoted so many heart-throbs, a sob drowned her voice. As Aleck followed the story, his own eyes wavered.

"That's Jim down to the ground. Good old boy!" he said.

There was a silence for a minute, then he heard Agatha's voice, grown little and faint. "If he should die—"

Aleck, still standing by Agatha's couch, suddenly shook himself. "Where is he? Can I see him now?"

Agatha got up slowly and led the way down the hall, pointing to a door that stood ajar. It was evident that she was weak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Cry From the Depths.

The autumn leaves are falling. In places we could name. Oh, that the cost of living would only do the same!

RISK MEN NOT TO CANCEL POLICIES

SUPREME COURT RESTRAINS INSURANCE CONCERNS FROM QUITTING STATE.

ARE ORDERED TO SHOW CAUSE

Three Judges Dissent as to Right to Call in Policies, but the Court is a Unit as to All Other Questions That Are Involved.

Jefferson City, Mo.—The supreme court, in an opinion written by Judge Woodson, overruled the demurrer of the fire insurance companies to the writ of quo warranto asked by the attorney-general, and held that the court had jurisdiction to try the questions involved in the controversy, and that the proceedings brought by the state officers were proper.

The companies now must file their answer to the petition to show cause why they should not be penalized for withdrawing from business in Missouri, and when that is done the court will appoint a commissioner to take testimony in the case.

The supreme court also issued a temporary restraining order prohibiting the insurance companies from canceling insurance pending the disposition of the quo warranto suits. On this point the court was divided, Judges Brown, Walker and Farris dissenting from the opinion of the majority.

Provisions of Law.

The litigation in this case was instituted by the attorney-general in May last, when the companies announced that, under the provisions of the Orr antitrust law, passed by the last legislature, they could not continue writing insurance without subjecting the agents and officers of the companies to prosecution for violation of the law.

The last clause of the Orr law, which the insurance companies declare particularly offensive and drastic, provided that if two or more companies used the same rate basis in writing insurance they would be held guilty of conspiring or combining to fix rates, and it would be prima facie evidence of such combination, for one company to use any book, sheet, schedule or table of rates for writing insurance, which was used by any other company as a basis of writing insurance.

Standard to Stay in State.

Jefferson City.—The state supreme court issued an order permitting the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana to resume business in Missouri and suspending the ouster during good behavior. The court retains jurisdiction of the case and confers power upon the attorney-general to institute proceedings if he has information that the company is not complying with the laws of the state.

New Parish in the Capital.

Jefferson City.—The Catholic church has decided to establish another parish here, which probably will take in about one-third of the city and all of the eastern suburbs. The congregation of St. Peter's church has become so large as to necessitate another parish. There are more than 500 families in the present parish, and it takes in a great deal of territory, crossing the Missouri river and taking in a Callaway county.

Convicts to Prison Again.

Jefferson City.—Norman H. Moss, parole officer of the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, came here to get warrants from Gov. Major, on requisition of Gov. Dunne, for the return to that state of Patrick Doyle and George Brown.

The men are about to complete sentences in the Missouri penitentiary and will be taken to Chester to serve sentences there. They violated paroles by coming to Missouri.

Brown, whose term will expire at once, was sentenced from St. Louis four years ago for five years for robbery in the first degree. He was sent to Chester from Sangamon county in November, 1906, under an indeterminate sentence for burglary and larceny and was paroled in July, 1909, to W. T. Erwin of East St. Louis.

Gettysburg Pilgrim Postmarked.

Joplin.—George Wilson of Laclede, Mo., a veteran of the civil war, was prostrated by the heat while walking from a hotel to the railroad station to Gettysburg to attend the semicentennial reunion. He was hurried to a hospital. His condition is dangerous.

Team Shies at Auto, Kills Driver.

Cape Girardeau.—Charles Sanders, a young man living near Jackson, was killed when his team became frightened at an automobile. He was thrown from his vehicle and his neck broken.

Piedmont Revival Ends.

Piedmont.—The Hay-Bell-Huggins-Gilbert revival that has been held in Piedmont for five weeks has closed. The meeting was conducted in a large tent and later in the Presbyterian church. Many converts are reported.

Can't Take the Picture Seriously.

The picture of a man holding a large fish does not necessarily prove that he is telling the truth. Photographers nowadays are too expert in grafting the picture of a fish taken at close range onto the end of a line held by a man whose picture was taken at a considerable distance.

Peevish.

"I had to kill my dog this morning," was he mad? "Well, he didn't seem very well pleased."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Economy.

Hub—"Have you done what I asked and saved some money this month?" Wife—"Yes, dear. I spoke to the grocer and he's promised not to send in his bill till next month."

With District U. S. to Value Roads. Jefferson City.—Chairman John M. Atkinson of the Missouri utilities commission, upon returning from Washington, where he attended the conference of western states' representatives with President Wilson and the interstate commerce commission, made the following statement relative to the results accomplished by the conference:

"In accordance with the provisions of the act passed by congress, authorizing and empowering the interstate commerce commission to ascertain the physical value of all interstate railroads, the commission has appointed a board of appraisers, composed of five expert engineers, who are now engaged in making the preliminary plans for this stupendous task of appraising the national railroads."

"The commission has divided the United States into five districts, and will have each district under the supervision of one of said engineers. Commissioner Prouty of the interstate commerce commission has been assigned the direct supervision of the appraisal work."

"All the railroads of the United States already have perfected an organization relative to the appraisal work to be done by the interstate commerce commission. The United States has been divided into three districts with three expert railroad engineers selected from each district."

"The railroads have also selected three of the ablest attorneys and three experts on real estate values to co-operate with the nine engineers to look after the appraisal work from the standpoint of the railroads. The valuation of the railroads of the United States is estimated at \$15,000,000,000."

"While the power is given the public service commission to ascertain the physical value of railroads in Missouri for the purpose of making state rates, yet the expense of such a valuation would cost the state of Missouri anywhere from a quarter a half million dollars."

"The states of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma have perfected an organization through the chairman of their respective commissions to see that the value of the railroads in their respective states are fairly ascertained from the standpoint of the public."

"The chairman of the National Association of Railway Commissioners, representing all the state associations, appointed a committee to co-operate with the interstate commerce commission in ascertaining the physical value of the railroads."

"The members of the state commission of the following states were appointed on said special committee: 'Martin of Kansas, Henshaw of Oklahoma, Thorne of Iowa, Burr of Florida, Finn of Kentucky, Berry of Illinois, Glasgow of Michigan, Staples of Minnesota, Decker of New York, Erickson of Wisconsin, Daniels of New Jersey, Gethlin of Ohio, Maltbie of New York, Richards of South Carolina, Bishop of Massachusetts, Stansman of North Dakota and Atkinson of Missouri.'"

"This special committee will meet and organize at an early date, and will take an active part in co-operating with the interstate commerce commission in ascertaining railroad values."

"Just when the work will begin in Missouri I cannot say, but I should think it will begin in the course of a very few months."

It was the unanimous opinion of all the state commissioners present that an advocate should be appointed by the interstate commerce commission, or the president, to appear at all hearings, both formal and informal, and lend all assistance possible in developing the real value of the railroad properties."

Jefferson City.—Adjt. Gen. John B. O'Meara filed with Gov. Major a report of the service of the National Guard of Missouri in protecting the levees in southeast Missouri during the overflow in March and April.

The companies of the Sixth Infantry were on this detail from March 23 to April 19. It cost the state \$9,115.35 to do the work.

There being no available fund to pay the bills, this amount will have to be carried until the next session of the legislature makes a deficiency appropriation to meet it.

Gen. O'Meara says this was the greatest flood in this section; the river was higher and the territory requiring protection was much greater than ever before.

"Not only did the troops guard the threatened levees to prevent their being cut," says the report, "but the men worked heroically in saving life and property and in relieving the distress of the afflicted people."

Gen. O'Meara compliments the tireless efforts of Col. Arthur L. Oliver, commander of the Sixth regiment, his officers and men.

Gen. O'Meara concludes his report with the following suggestion:

Insurance Company Gets Charter.

Jefferson City.—The Mercantile Town Mutual Fire Insurance company of Kansas City completed the necessary preliminaries for securing incorporation papers, and received a charter from Secy of State Roach. The officers of the company are: Philip S. Brown, Jr., president; Reynold Barnum, secretary; and Homer B. Mann, treasurer. Among the incorporators are former Gov. Herbert S. Hadley, A. L. Cooper, John R. Crowe and George S. Edwards.

Confident of Her Power.

"Every woman knows that although she may not be as rapidly pretty as some of her rivals, she rejoices in a certain indefinable charm which gives her an incontestable advantage over them all."—A Little World, by Arnold Goldsworthy.

Economy.

Hub—"Have you done what I asked and saved some money this month?" Wife—"Yes, dear. I spoke to the grocer and he's promised not to send in his bill till next month."

Land of Our Forefathers

Edward Everett's Tribute to England as the Cradle and Refuge of Free Principles.

For myself I can truly say that after my native land I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. The sound of my native language beyond the sea is music to my ears beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the pauper of England. I am not dazzled by her riches nor awed by her power. The scepter, the miter and the coronet, stars, garters and ribbons seem to me poor things for great men to contend for.

But England is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the vicissitudes through which it has passed.

she holds the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; she is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England.

I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to be degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil and follow without emotion the general and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare